



HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

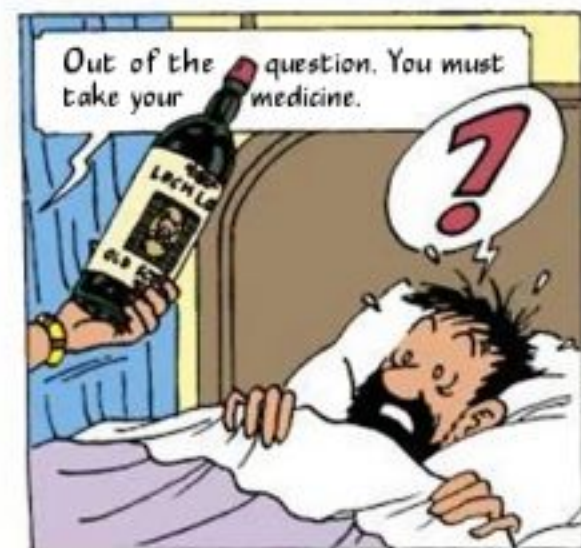
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

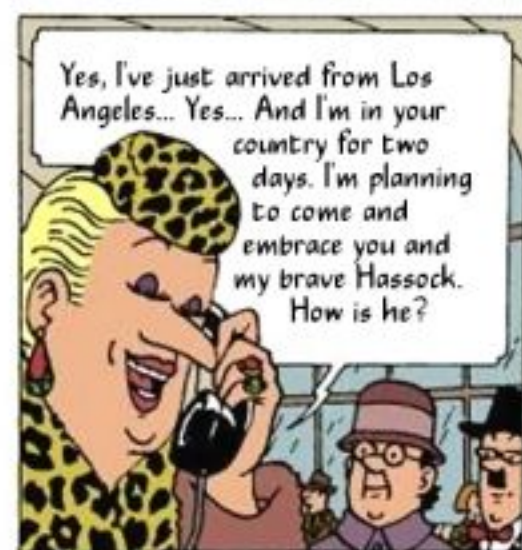
TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

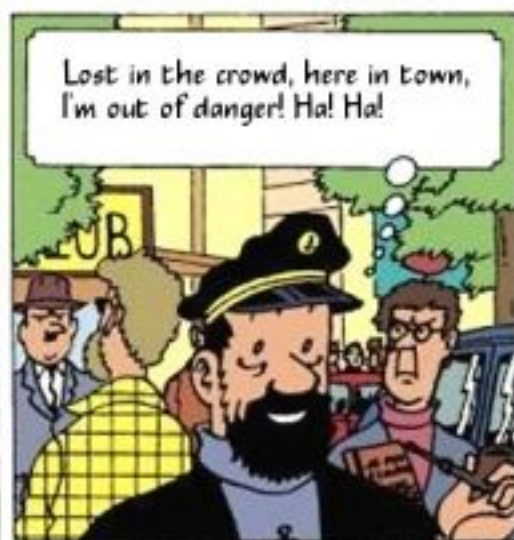
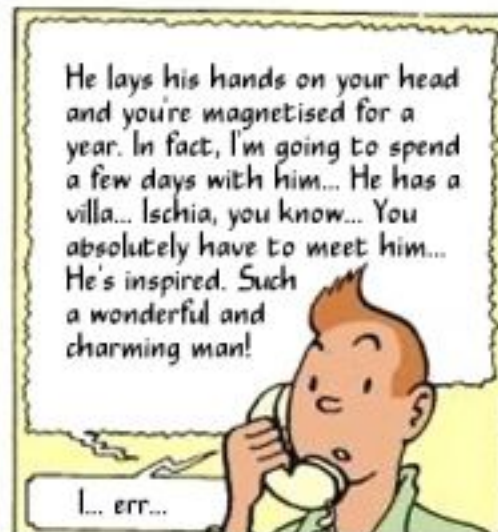
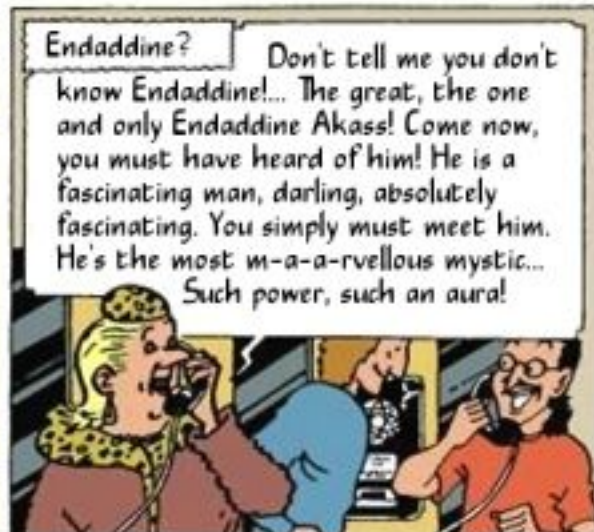


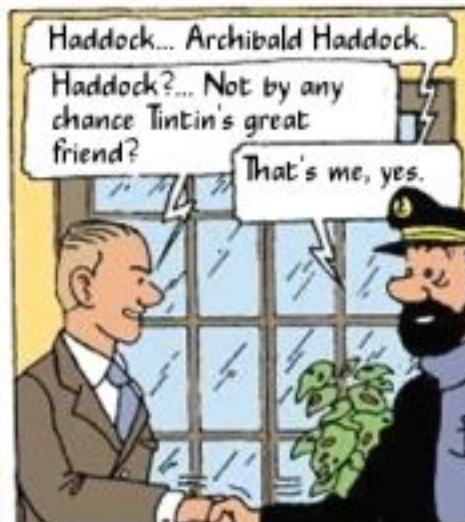
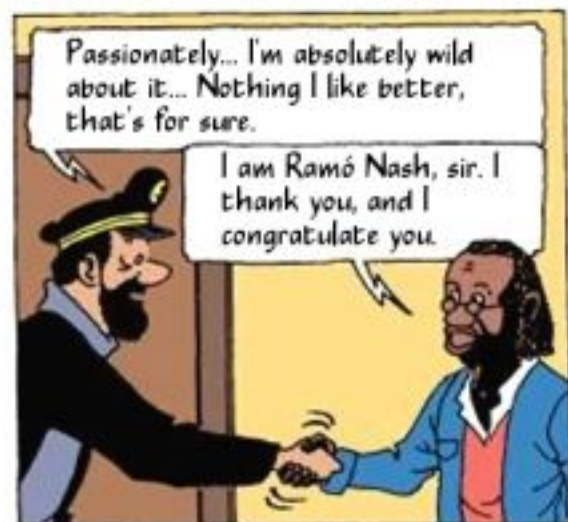
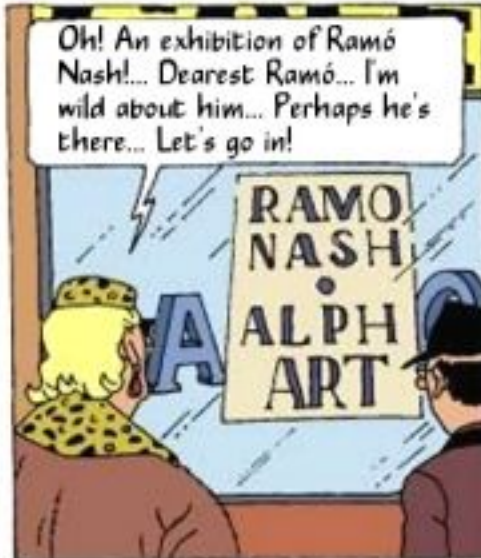
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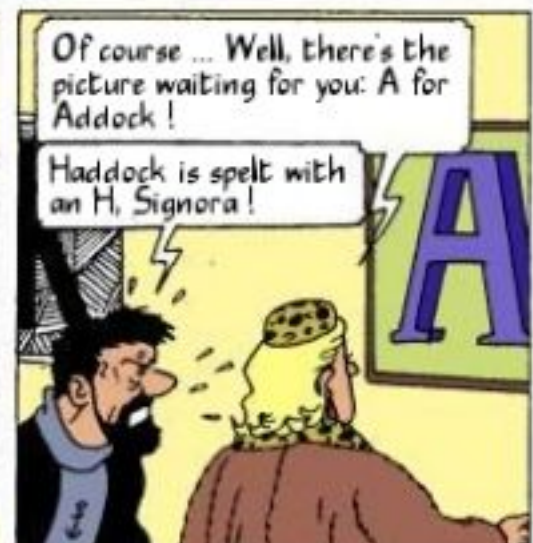
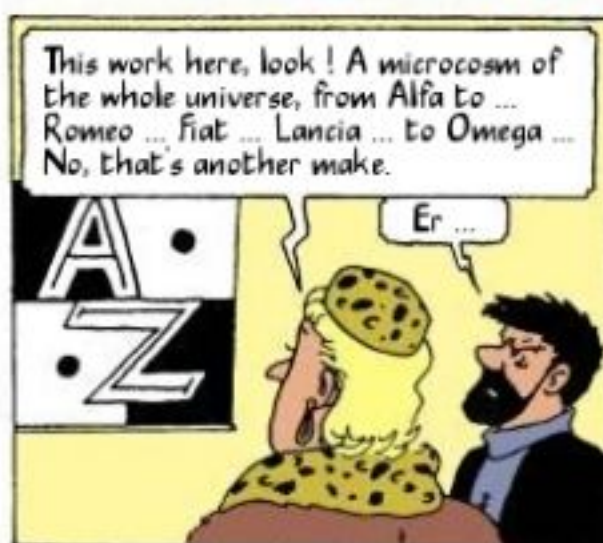
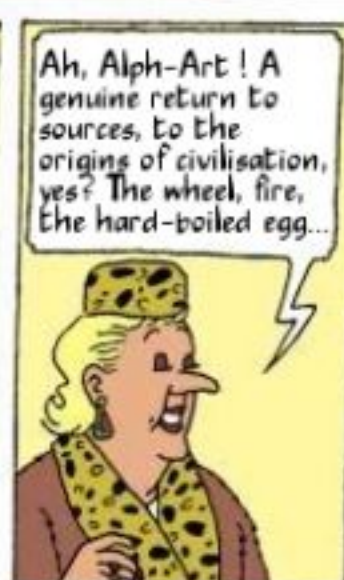
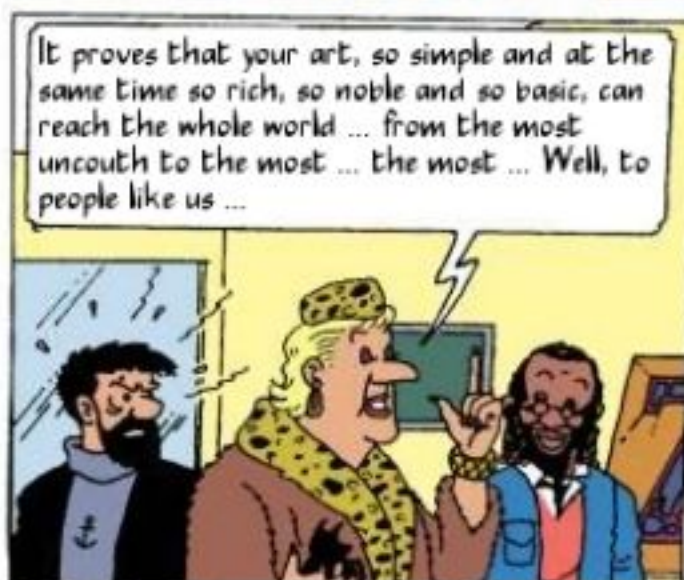
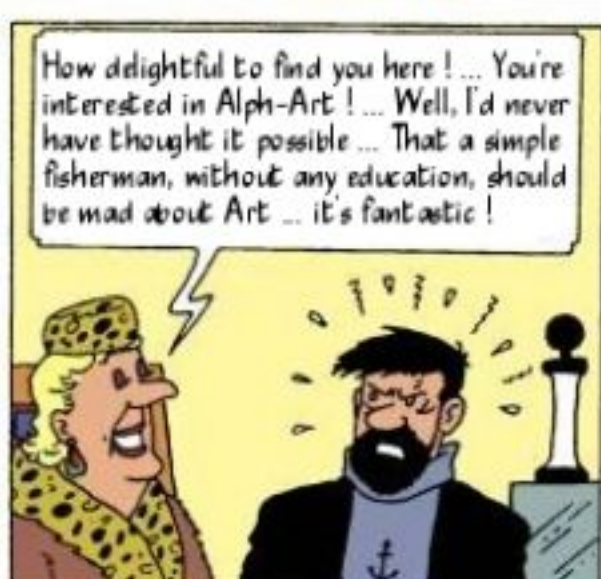
TINTIN and ALPH-ART

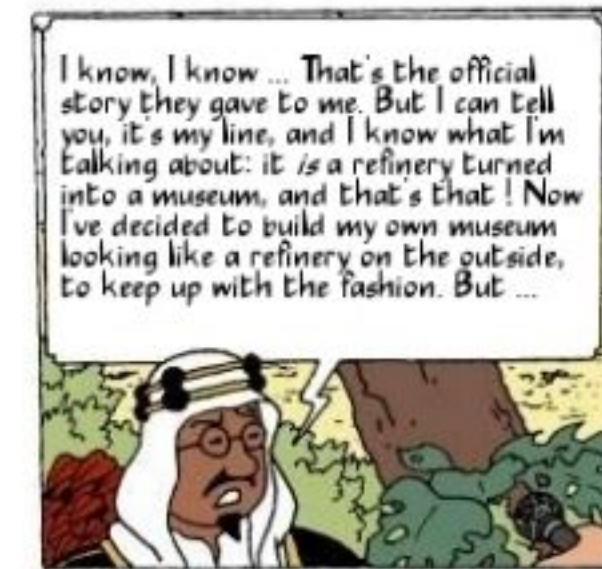
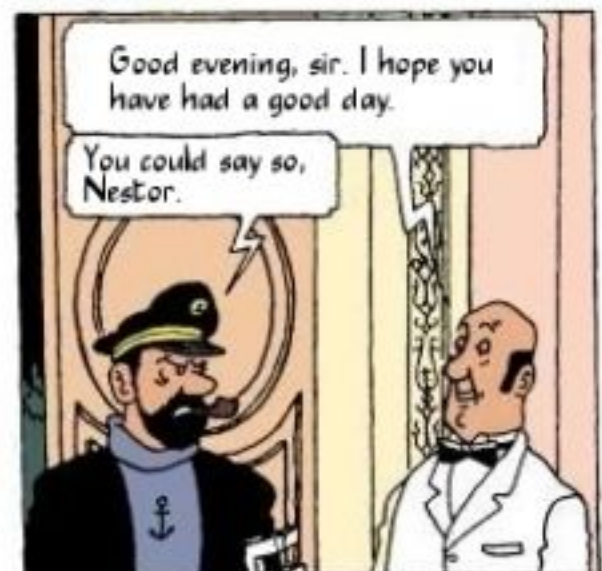


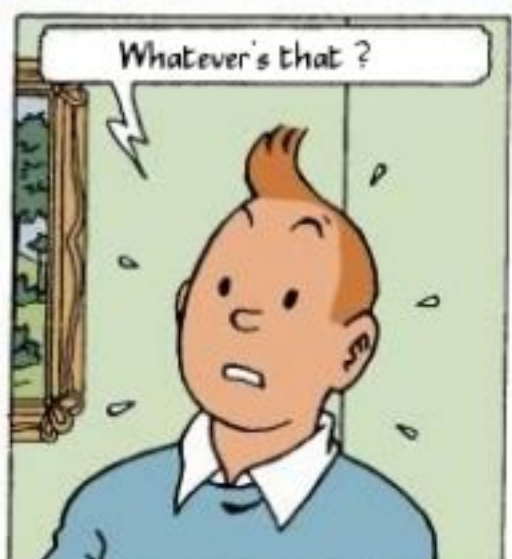
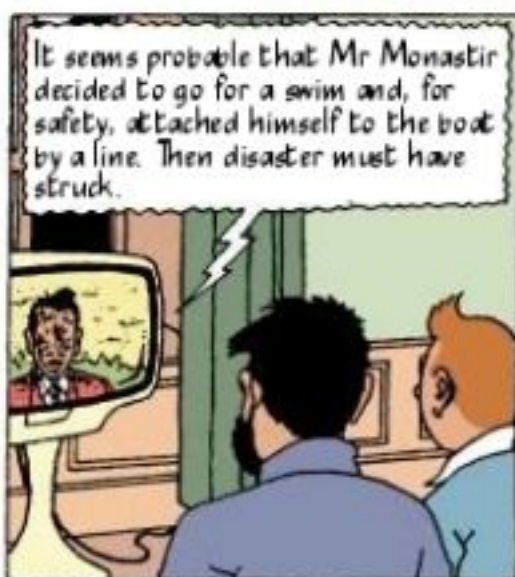
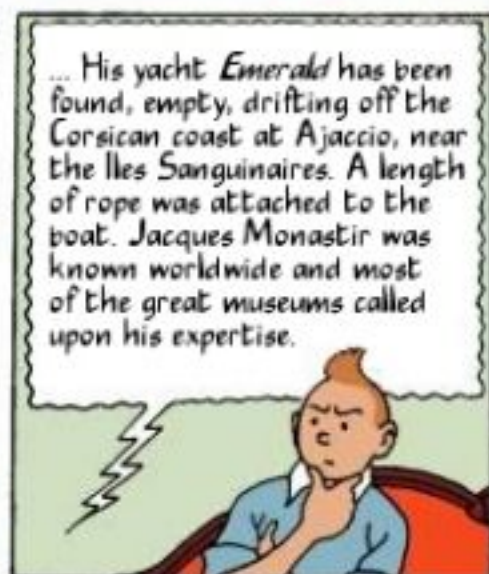
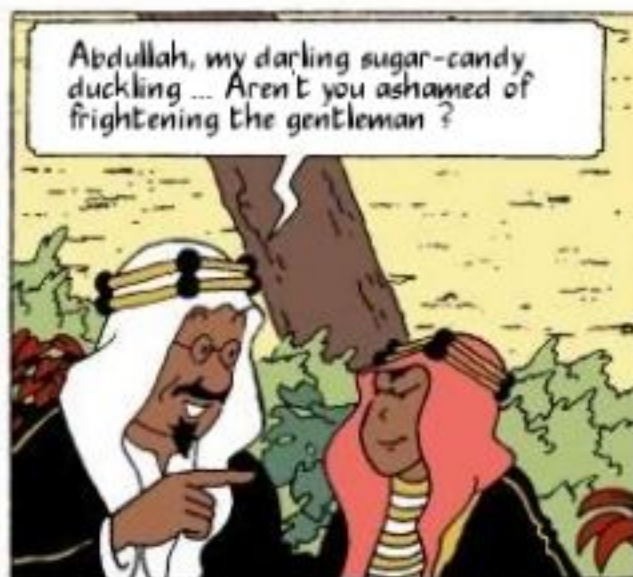


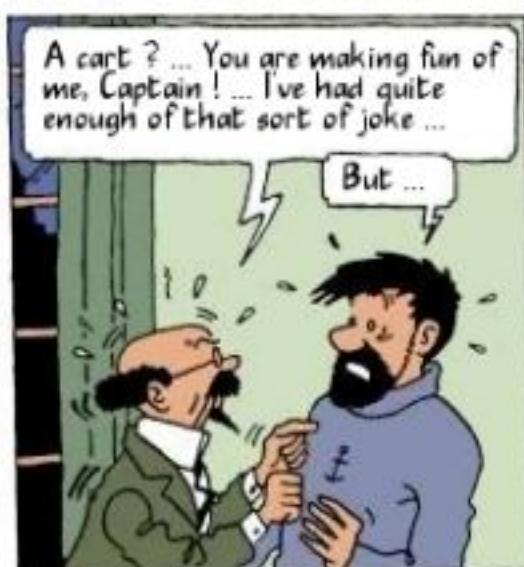
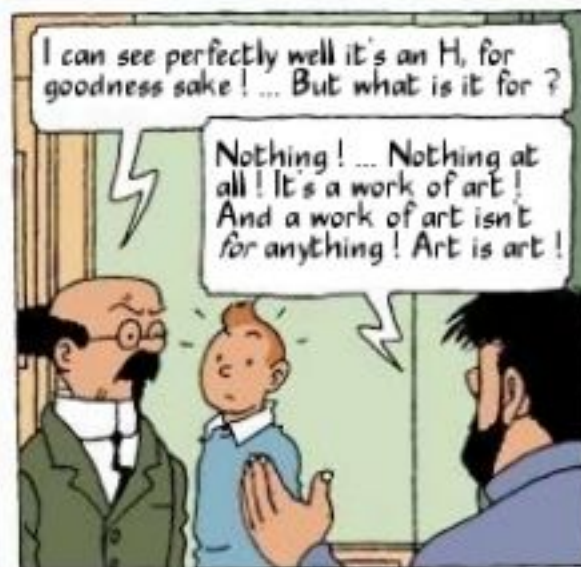
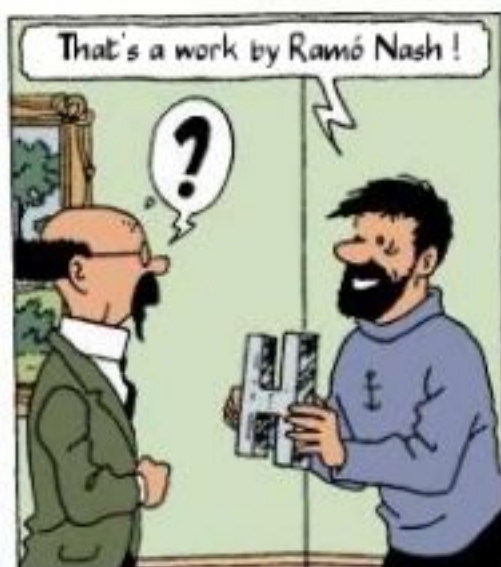


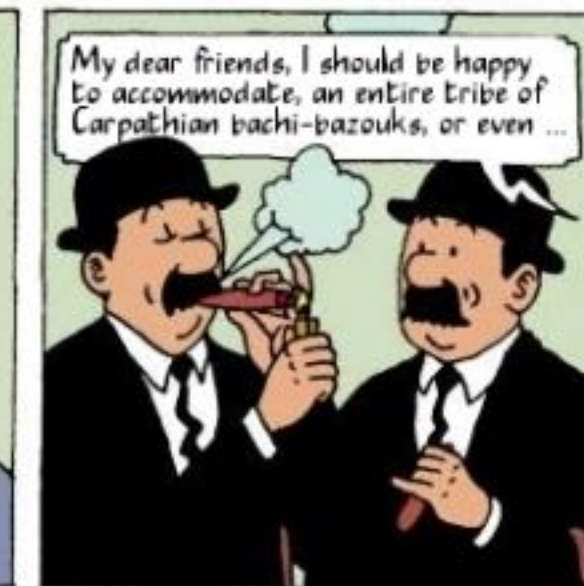
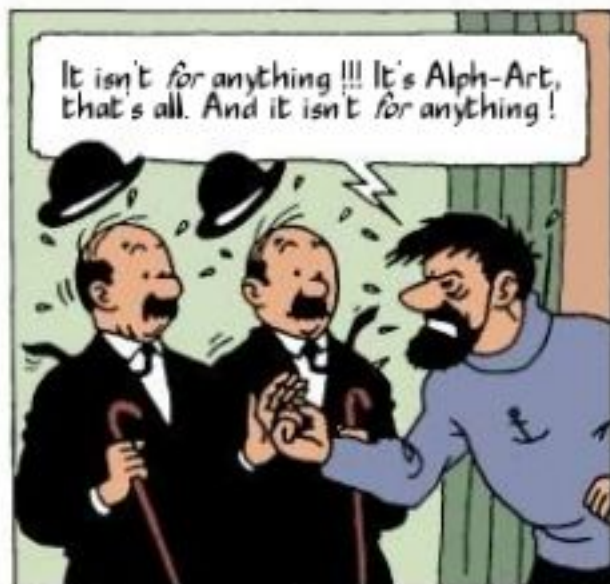




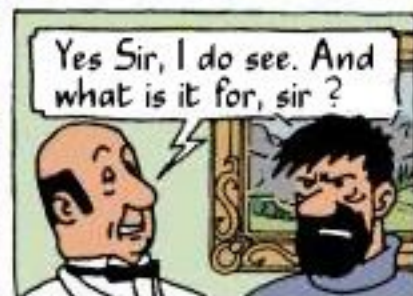
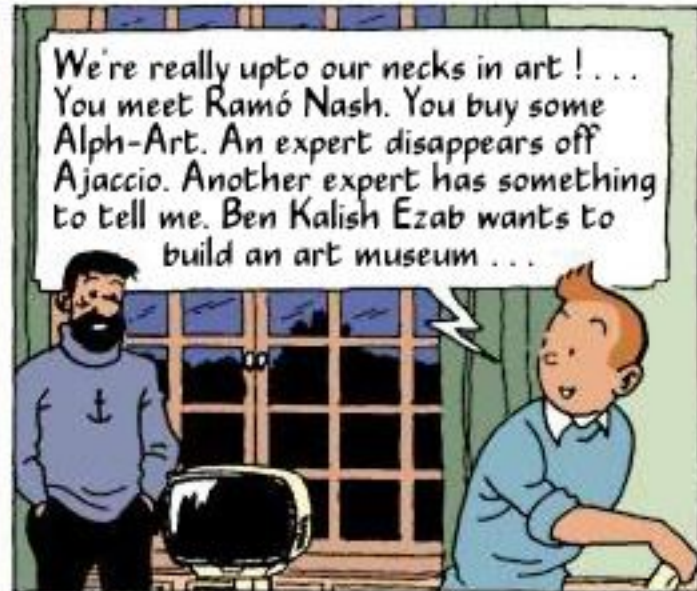
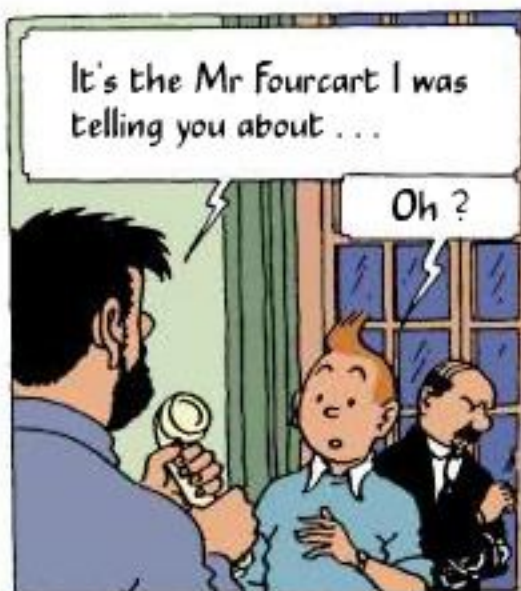


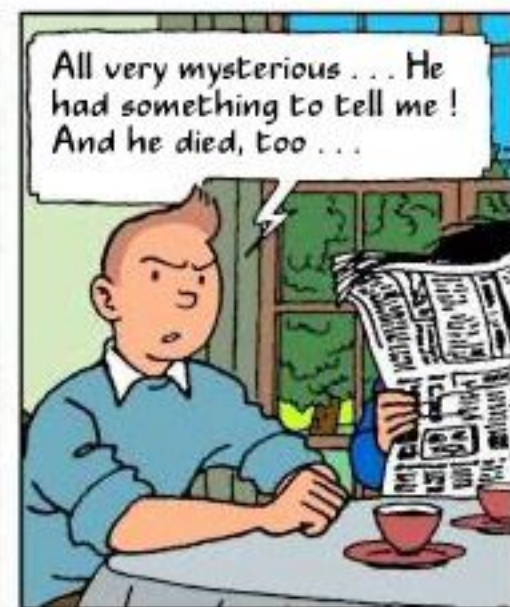




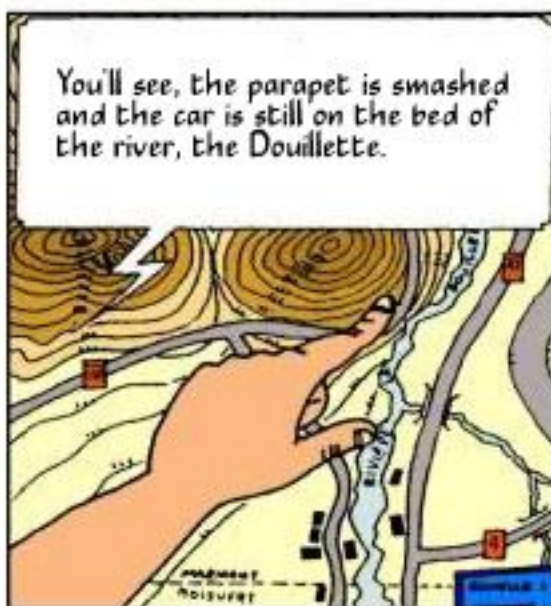




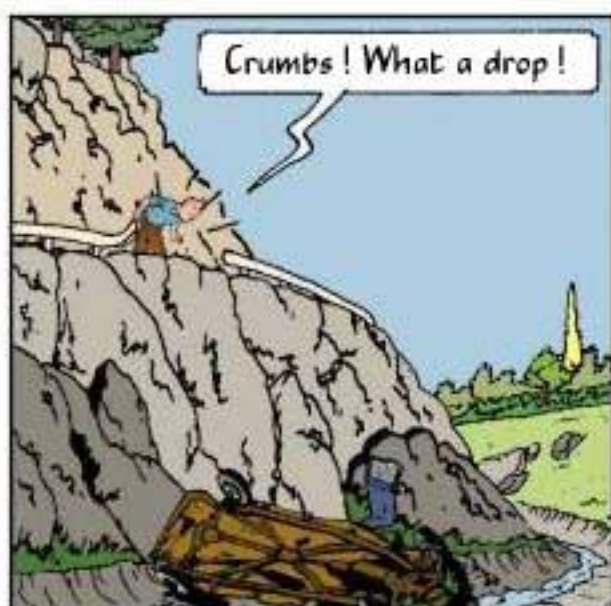


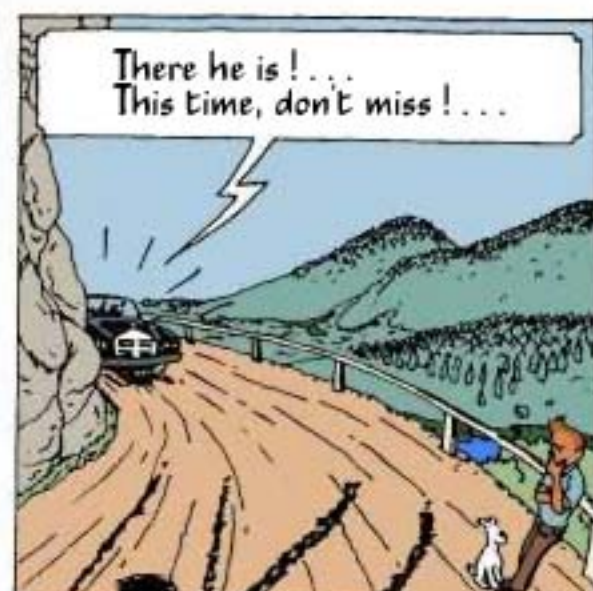
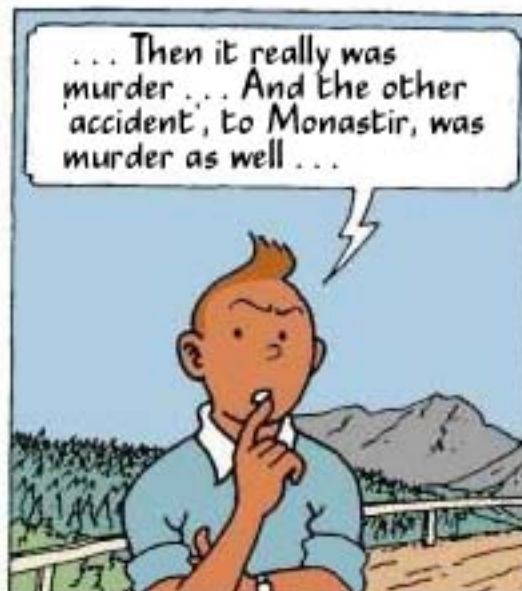
















The next morning ...

I'll wait for you in the car ...

See you later.



Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin.
To what do we owe the pleasure?

Not so much a pleasure,
Miss Martine ...

You see, I am more and more
convinced that Mr Fourcart's
death was not an accident.

Mr Tintin, you
really believe ... ?

Yes, I do. And the proof is that
yesterday, someone tried to kill
me too.

What did you say?
It can't be true!

Alas, yes ... only too true. Now,
one single person knew that I
was going to see Fleurotte at
the garage.

Oh, yes ... And you know
who that person is?

Absolutely, Miss Vandezande
... And that
person is ...

Yes?

YOU!

Me?

Yes, you! ... Who did you tell
I was going to Leignault?

But ... but I told no one,
I swear to you! ...

It's dreadful! ... You dare to
suspect me ... Me who ... Me
who ... No! ... Sniff ... sniff ...

She seems sincere, this girl ...
But who, then? ... Who? ...
I wonder ... Who? ...
Wait ... Unless ...

Oh, it's obvious, why didn't
we think of it before?



There, there! Don't cry any more!... I've thought of something. What if there are microphones hidden somewhere in the office? Bugs which record all conversations?

But why? ...
Whatever for?

I don't know any more than you, but we'll look all the same...

Young Sherlock Holmes is taking his time.

Half an hour later...

FOURCART

Ah, there he is.

Well?...

Nothing!... I don't understand it at all.

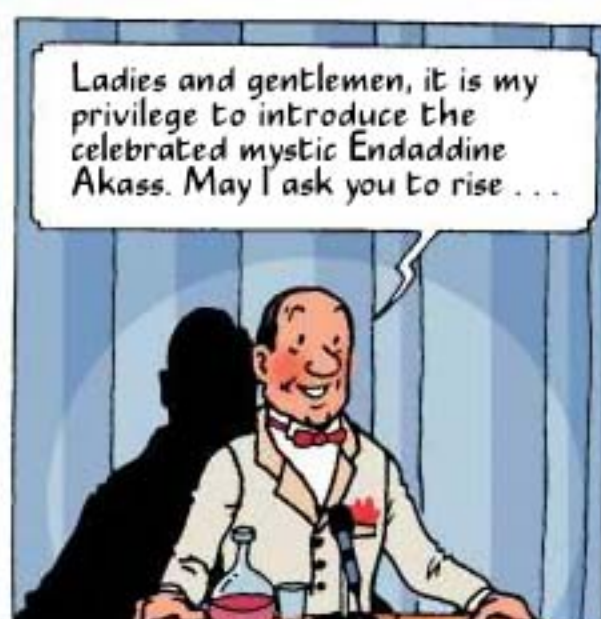
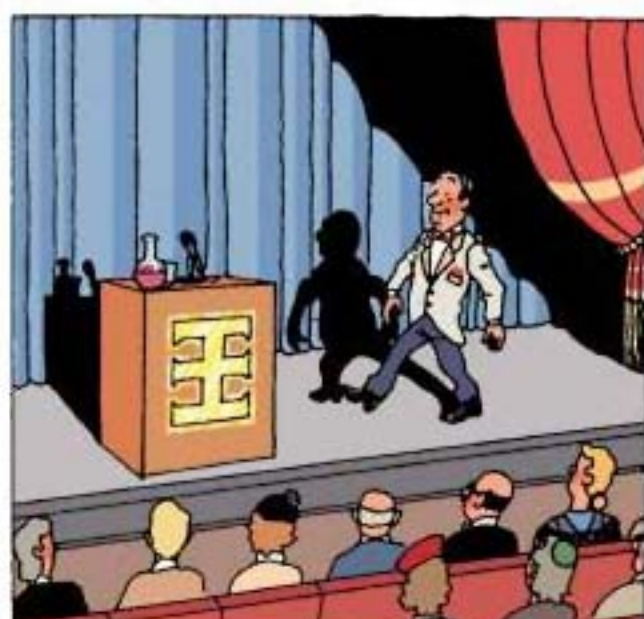
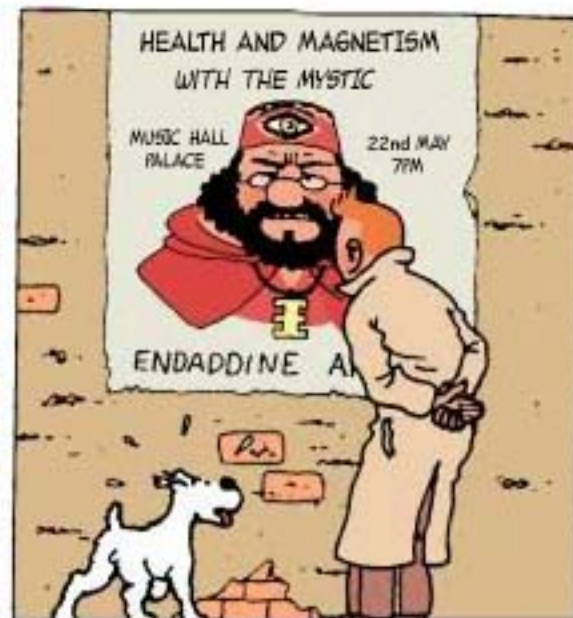
Good. We'll go home.

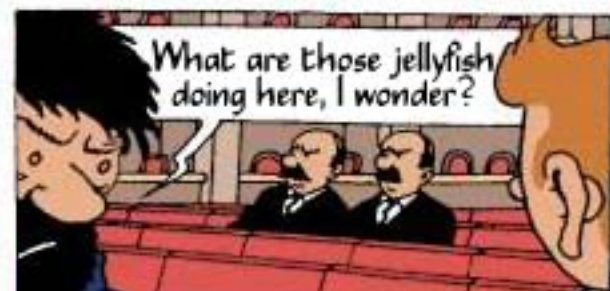
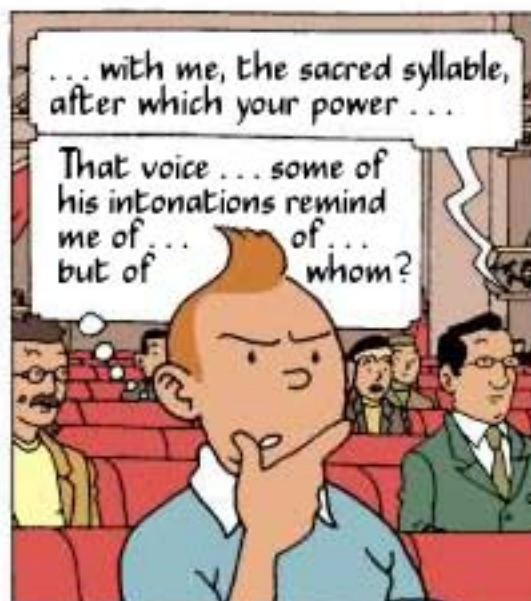
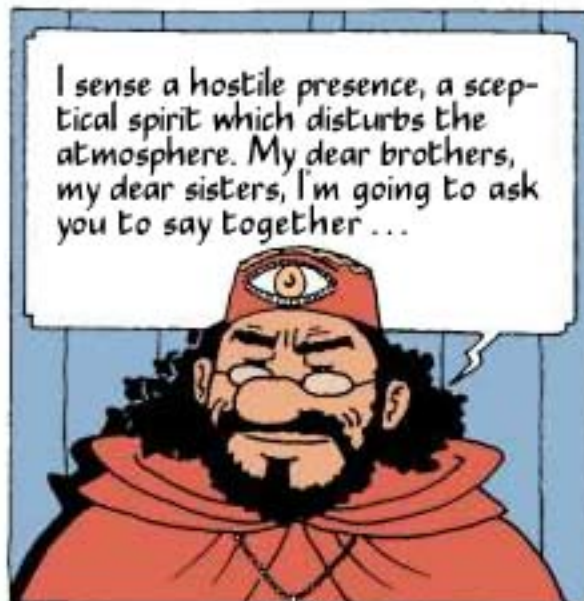
Alright.



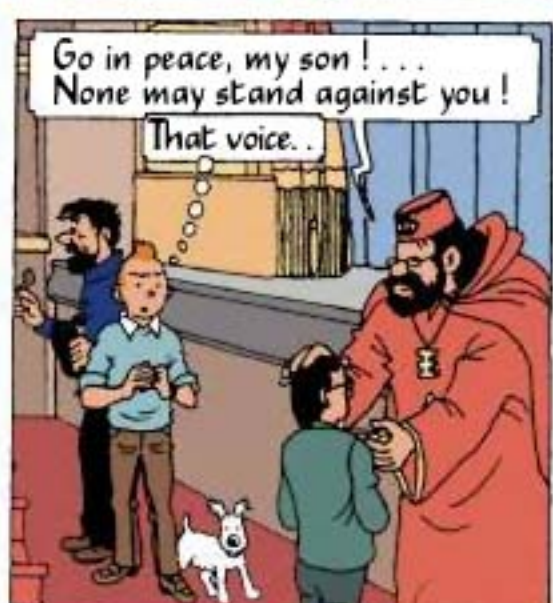
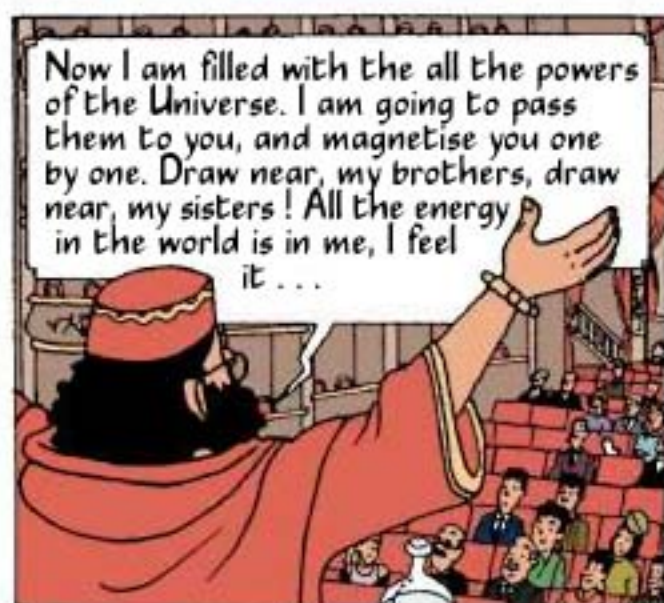
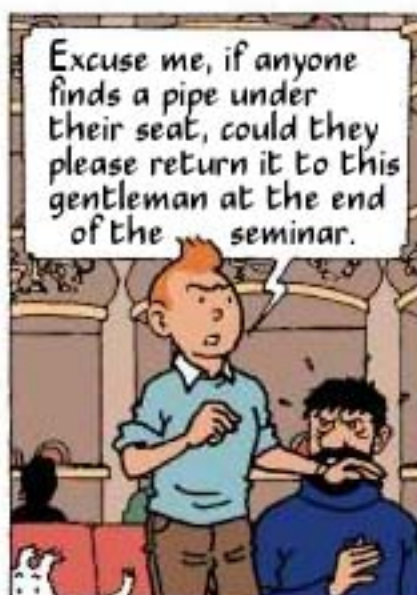
Stop, Captain! Stop!



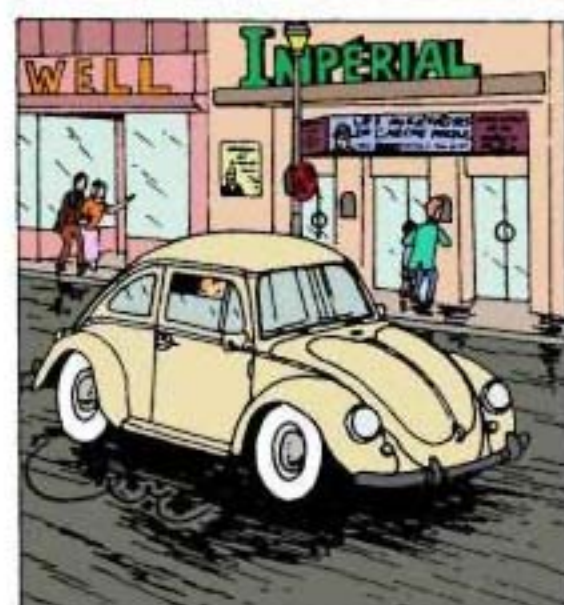
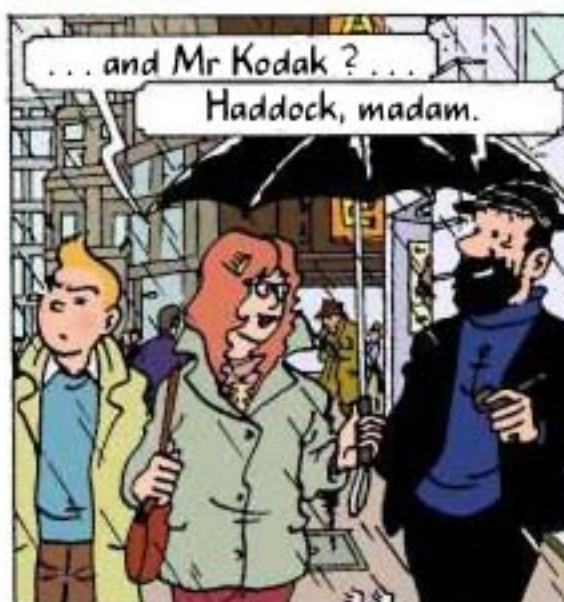


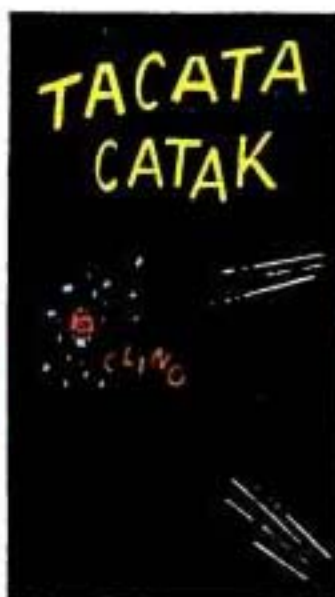
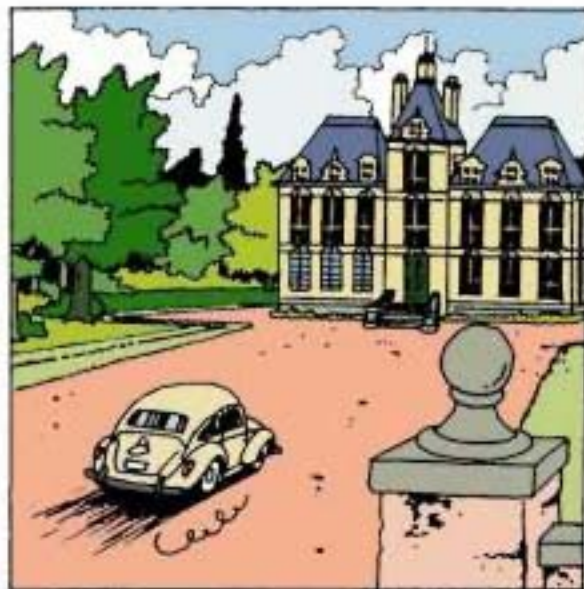


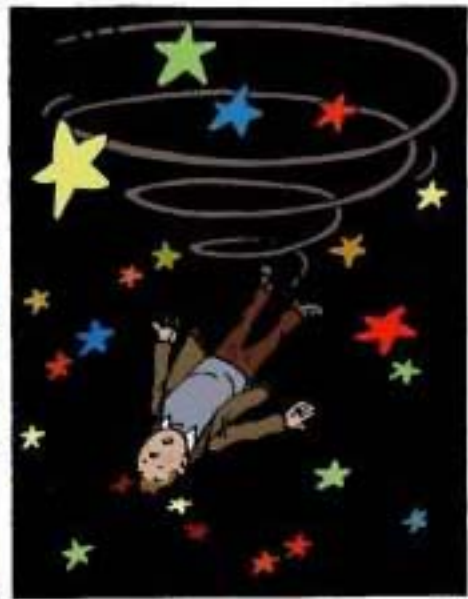
(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn



(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls







We'll start with the other tenants ...



RING

Mrs Tricot



Good morning, Madam. I am conducting a survey about solar-powered heating. Would you be willing to answer a few questions?

Come in, come in, young man!



Nothing there, I think ...



A little later ...

Now for the next flat ... patience, Snowy!



RRRING



Er ... What d'you want?

It's an opinion survey, sir ... About ...



I don't have an opinion.
Not on anything! ...
Now leave me alone!



BLAM



Where have I seen him before? ...



Oh yes! At that Endaddine Akass meeting ... One of the master's assistants ...



I wonder if he recognised me ... In any case, there must be a connection between Endaddine, the microphone ...



He certainly suspects something ... He came knocking on my door on the pretext of some opinion survey ... I understand ... We'll take care of him ... Yes, properly this time.



TO BE CONTINUED ...

The next morning ...

Take care! ... You never know, with these sort of people ...

Don't worry, I'm only going into the village.



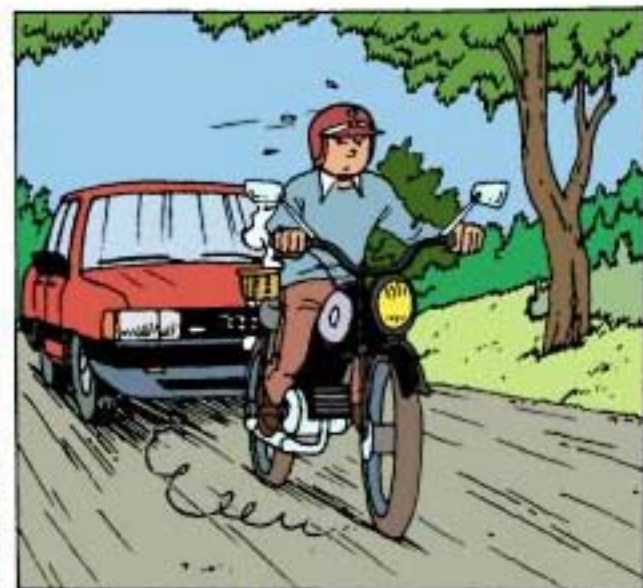
There he is!
Let's go!

GRRRRR
WOOAH!



!

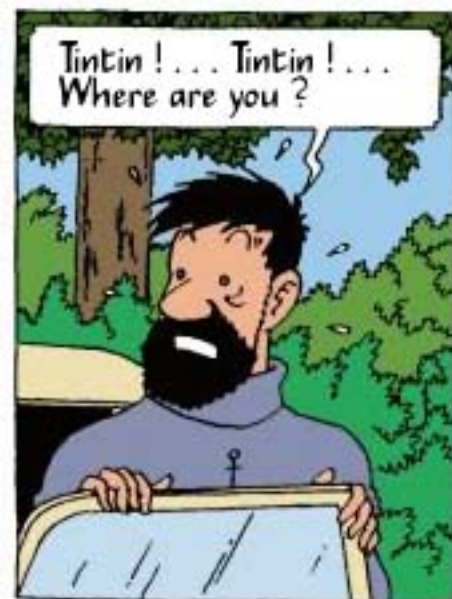
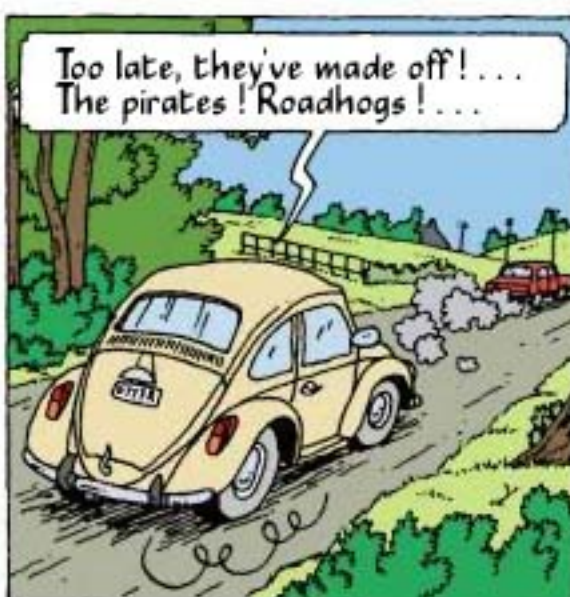
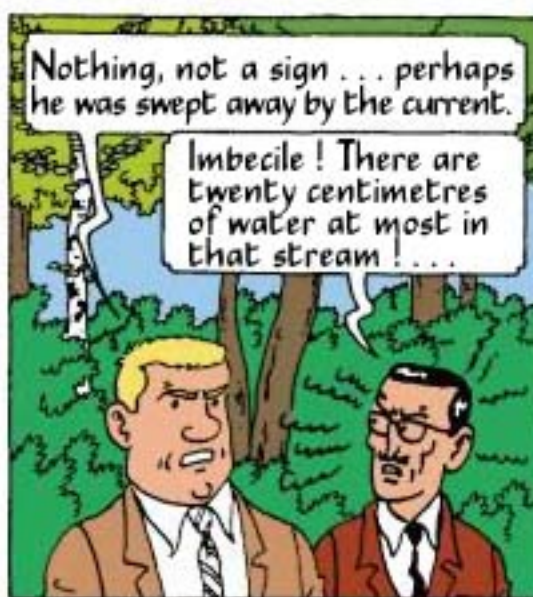
They're going to catch me!

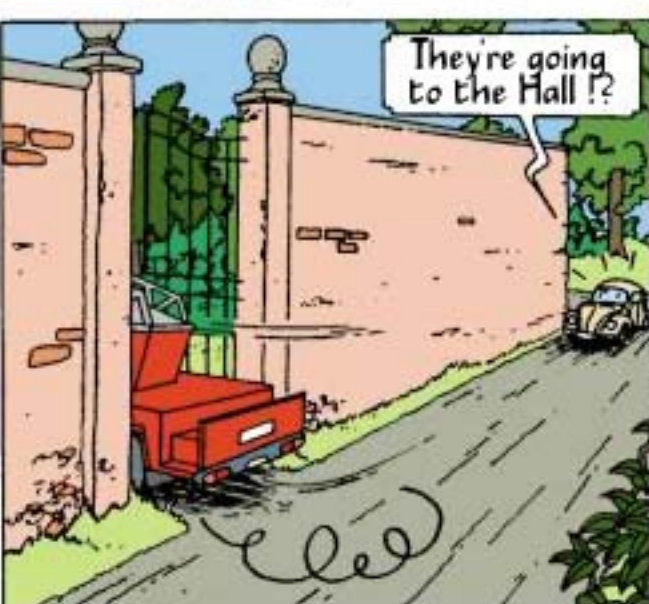


This time, I'll finish the job! ...

My poor Tintin, this could well be the end! ...

BANG BANG
SKRRRR!!!
CRASH!





But who is trying to get rid of you?
And why? ...

That's what I'm
wondering, too ...



To my mind, it all revolves around
that Endaddine Akass. He planted
that jewel-microphone-transmitter
on Miss Martine ... What for, if it
wasn't to spy on Fourcart?

But it was you that
definitely told me we had
a fire!



We must find out more
about this mystic ...

Yes, but where
can we find the
overdressed
windbag?



Yes, where?



When Bianca Castafiore telephoned
last week, she told me that she
was going to spend a few days with
him, on Ischia ...

Where's Ischia?

It's an island
just off Naples.



I've got it!



The next day, at dawn ...



10.30am, at Naples airport ...



This is sheer, deliberate,
unqualified masochism.
To come 2000
kilometres by air ...



... and another two hours by sea! ...



All to find Castafiore! ...
We must be stark raving mad!

Taxi!



Here we are.



?



Tintin and Haddock. We made a reservation.

Indeed... Welcome to Ischia, Signore!

Please... we need a little information... Can you tell us where to find the villa belonging to Mr Endaddine Akass?

Easy, Signore.

You go out of the hotel, down to the beach. On your right, you'll see a huge cliff going down to the sea. On the top of that is the villa.

Thank you. So, Captain, what'd you say to putting our luggage in our rooms and going for a walk?

If you want...

A little later...

There - that must be it!

Hmm, I can't see anything...

Handy to take a dip from...

We'll have to climb higher...

Ah, we've got a good view here. Snowy, don't move.

Thundering...



Ramo Nash!

Ramo Nash?



Yes, the high priest of Alph-Art, the creator of that Perspex H which I bought ...

Oh yes ...



We must try to get into the house. I have a feeling ... in there lies the key to this whole mysterious business.



Yes, but how? We can't just break in like common thieves!

Back at the hotel ...

Right, here's what we'll do. We'll go back to our rooms and rest for a while, and try to think up a plan. We'll meet back here at midnight, to compare ideas ... and then we'll decide upon a course of action! Agreed?

I hear you.



Goodnight, lad.

'Night, Captain, until later ...



What a marvellous view!



RRRIIIING



The Captain, I expect. Has he thought up a plan already? ...



Hello ... Yes ... Yes, it is ...



Listen carefully ... There's a boat leaving in two hours. I strongly advise you take it ... The climate on Ischia doesn't suit you at all. It could even become very unhealthy for you.

But ...



Crumbs! ...



I'd better discuss this with the Captain ...



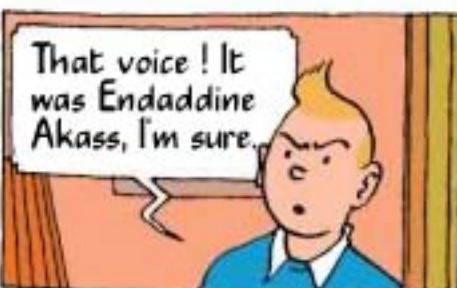
**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**



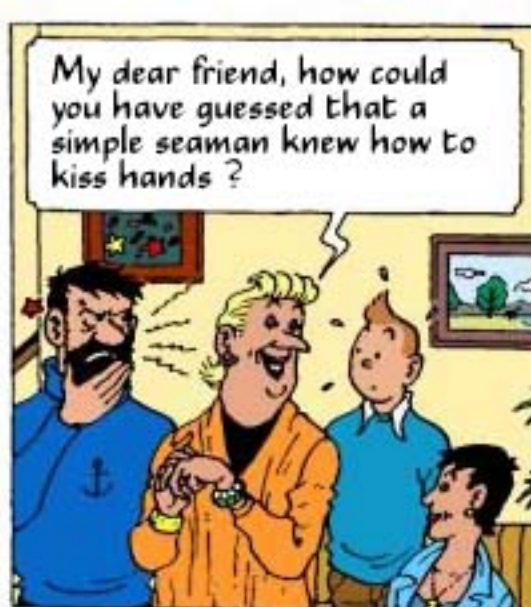
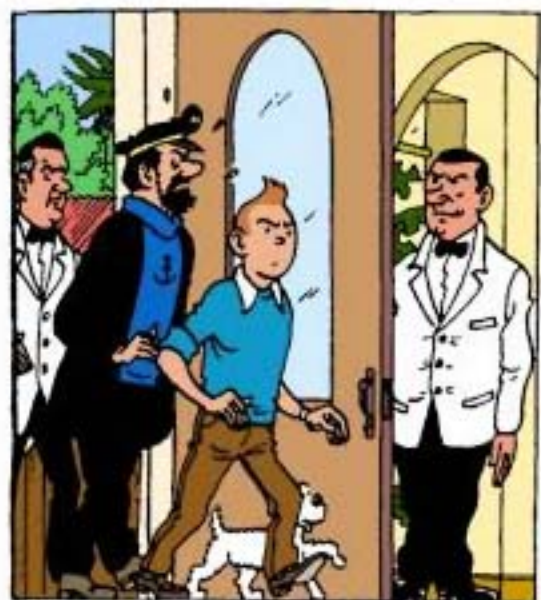
No answer ... and no noise from inside either! Has something happened?

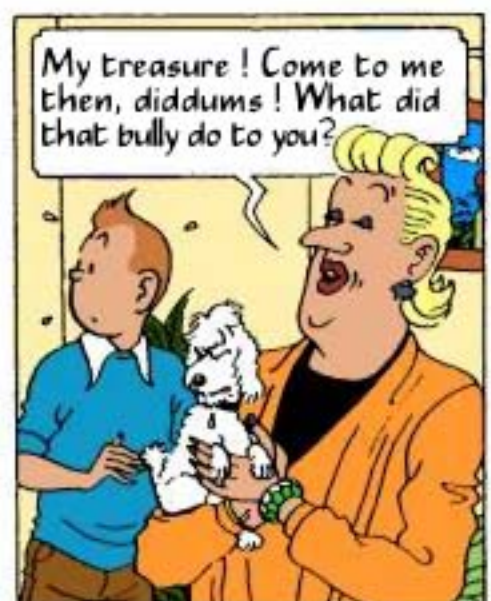


That voice! It was Endaddine Akass, I'm sure.









(1) See The Blue Lotus
(2) See The Broken Ear







Er... Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.
But you know him!



It's our dear Ramó Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to...



Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monastir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!
You got rid of him!...



I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?



Ah, César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see...



And this is one of his "Expansions"...



Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you... you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert...



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector... You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.



And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled 'Reporter'...

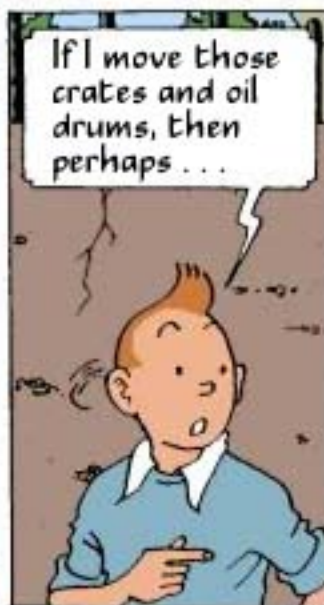


... constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.



Come on, move!
Where's Snowy?





Time passes ...



And at dawn ...



Get up! On your feet!



Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a 'César' ...



It's in there ... after you, my friend.



Good morning, my dear Tintin! Allow me to show you your last resting place ...



Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time; this leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it 'César' ...



Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing ...

Must play for time!



But ... ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramó Nash? ... After all, it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in ...



Oh, no! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods ... Ha! Ha! Ha! ...



Now the formalities are over with. ... get in! Let's go!







I can't breathe!

Stop it? I... I'd like to, but how do I stop this whatsit?



AARGH!



You! You're going to stop this infernal machine now!

Impossible!



Once the valve has opened, the mass of plastic running through it makes it impossible to close.

Heh, that's a good one...



Right, well, you can help me break open this box, and be quick!



I'll open this box myself...

OK, but I've got my eye on you. I'm watching what you're doing...



CRACK!



?



STOP! ARE YOU MAD?



STOP BLISTERING BARNACLES, GIVE ME THAT AXE!



And now, you're going to break open this crate, thundering typhoons!



Pull!... Come on!



CRACK!



TINTIN!

Wooah!



Tintin! ... Lad! ... In Heaven's name, say something! ...

WOOOUAW...



Captain ...

Hurray! ... He's alive!



The bandits ...

WOOAH!



Sea-gherkins! Pyrographers! Turncoats! Zapotecs! ...

Captain ...



We've got to get out of here ...

You think that you'll be alright to run?



Argh! ... They're barricaded the door with a plank of wood!

We'll do it, boss!



BANG
BANG
BANG



CRASH



They've gone!



There! They're getting away!



I'll stop them, boss, don't worry! ...

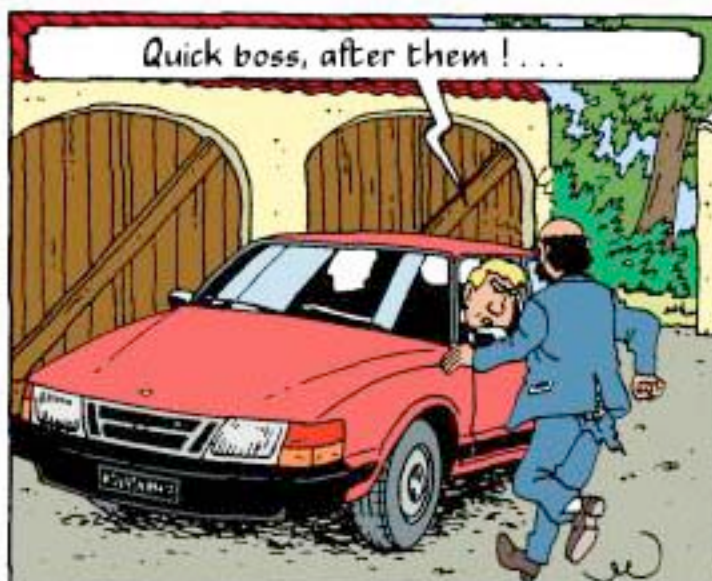
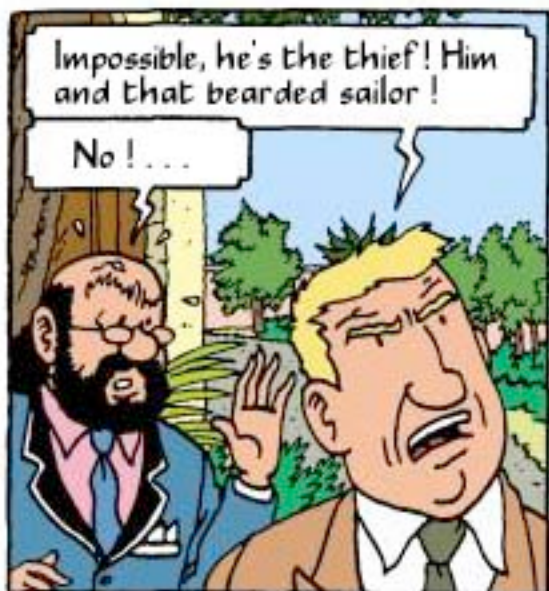
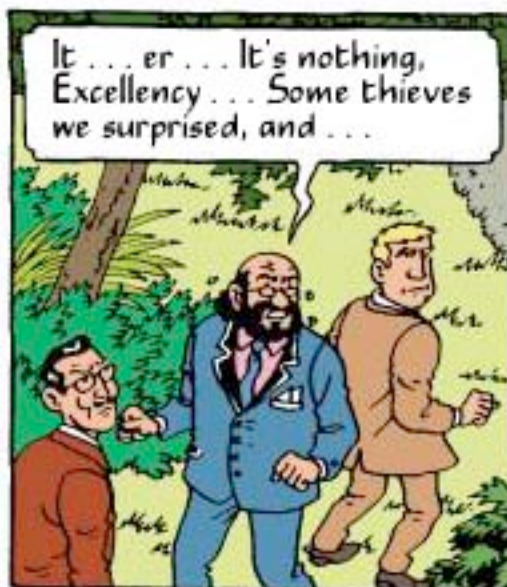
BANG!

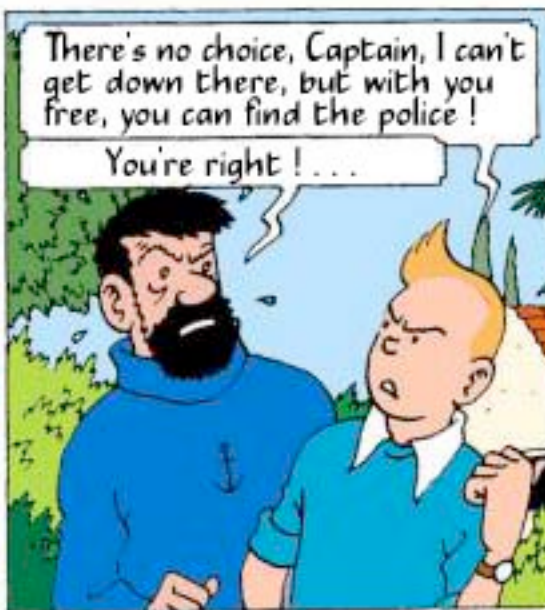
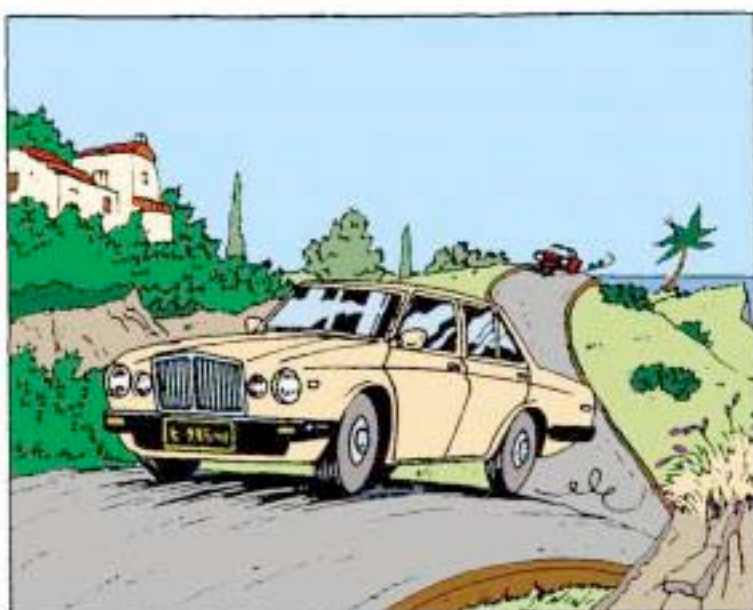


Are you crazy?! ... The villa is full of their friends!!!



What's going on out here?!





This time, my dear Tintin, there's no point hoping - no one can help you now.



A few minutes later...



Captain Hardrock! It's impossible! There must be some sort of mistake!



Don't worry, Tintin, I've put in a plea in your favour. This can be nothing but a mistake!...



Have you called the police?
I... I was just going to...



No one can help us now, eh?



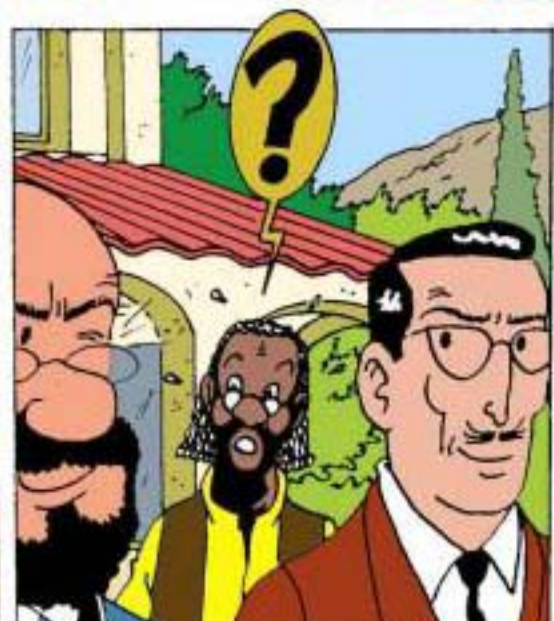
You tell us your version, Tintin, whilst we wait.

Sorry, but they can't speak until the police arrive... Er, it's a legal technicality... you understand?



OK then.

Right, the police are on their way.



Shortly ...



Mr Akass ? Can you come with us to make a statement ?

Of course ...

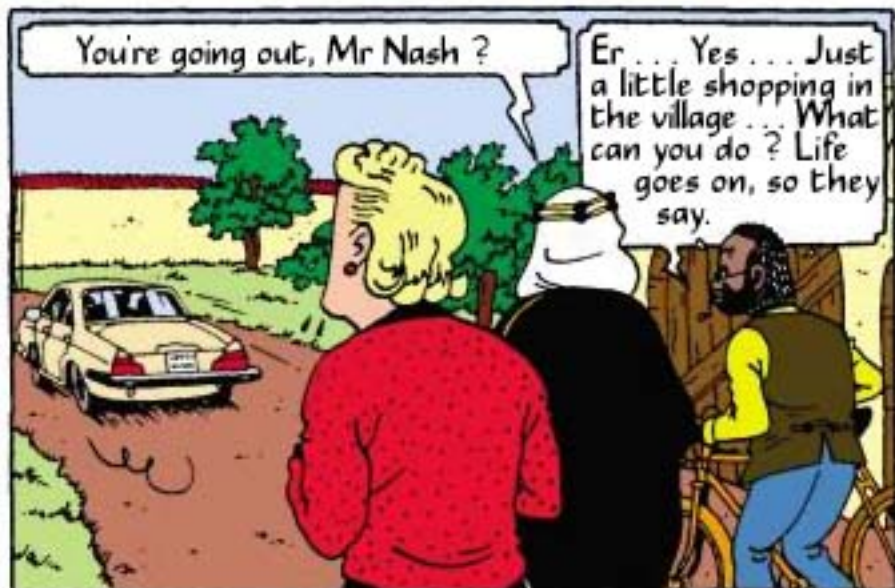


You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station.



You're going out, Mr Nash ?

Er ... Yes ... Just a little shopping in the village ... What can you do ? Life goes on, so they say.



Ah, the artists are truly blessed. Always above the problems of everyone ... But our poor friends ...

Don't worry ...



The police won't find anything on Tintin and Haddock ...

May the Madonna protect them ...



After all these years, how nice it is to see Tintin ... on his way to jail ! Revenge is sweet !

I'll drink to that !



Blistering Barnacles in jail ?

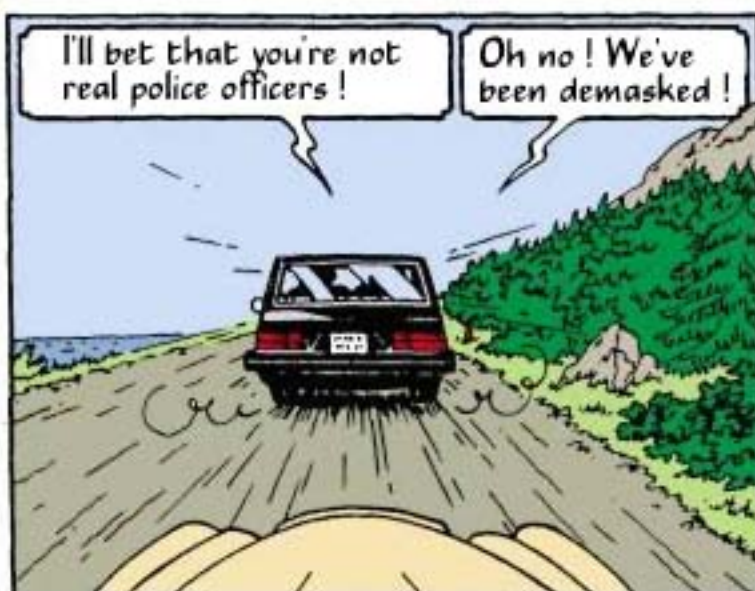


And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives ! What a waste !



I'll bet that you're not real police officers !

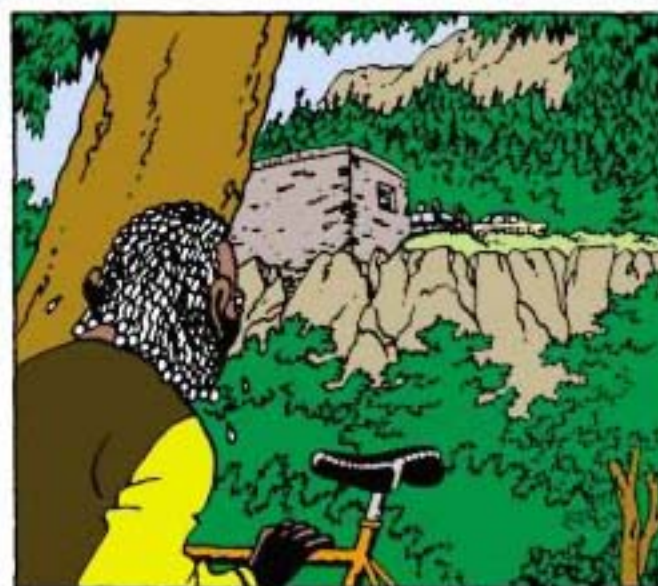
Oh no ! We've been demasked !



Well done, kid. And I'll bet that you two haven't got long left to live ...



Here we are, everybody out.



As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



Well, gentlemen, won't you sit down? I insist!



If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



And then? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

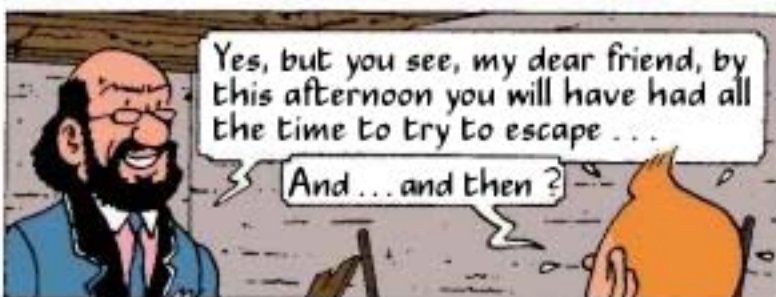


Quick! I must find help to save Tintin!



Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape...

And... and then?



Hello, yes? ... What? A death?! ... Two deaths! ... OK, go on...



Tintin and Haddock...

TINTIN?!



Quick! Where is he?

Where? ... OK, I've got it ... we're coming!



You seem to have won, Akass. But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!



For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue...



NO!...



RASTAPOPOULOS!

Ha! Ha!

But!... But?... It's impossible!
I saw you go down with your launch
in the Red Sea (1)... You're dead!

Ha! That's what I wanted you to think!
But you know, we've met since that day,
although you don't remember...

Some years ago, I organised the kid-
napping of the famous millionaire
Laszlo Carreidas, just before the
International Astronautical Congress,
to which you were invited as guests
of honour... (2)

Unfortunately for me, the
island we were on was des-
troyed by a volcano... I
managed to escape, but I'm
not sure how, since at the
time of the eruption, I became
amnesic...

After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica.
I was impressed by his talent. It was then
that I had the idea of dealing in forged
art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories
and I became Akass. After recru-
iting a few men to work
for me, the project took
off very quickly...

And Allan, the fresh-
water pirate? Is he not
with you?... Or is he
disguised as one of these
gorillas?

Meanwhile, in the United States...

And how did you persuade
an artist like Nash to...
You ask too many ques-
tions, young man!

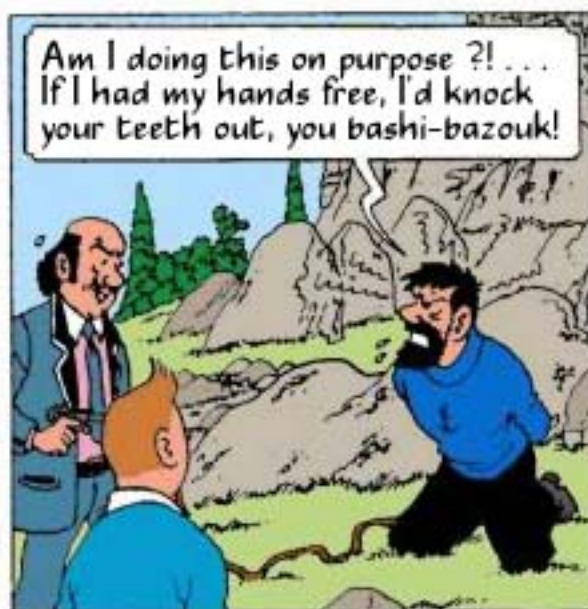
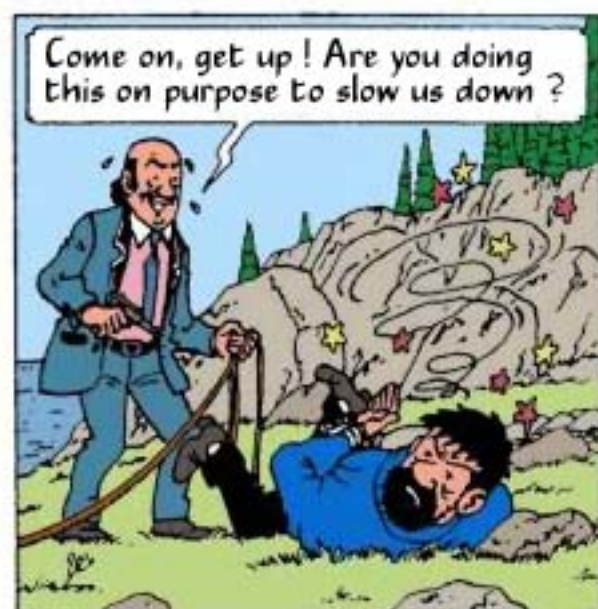
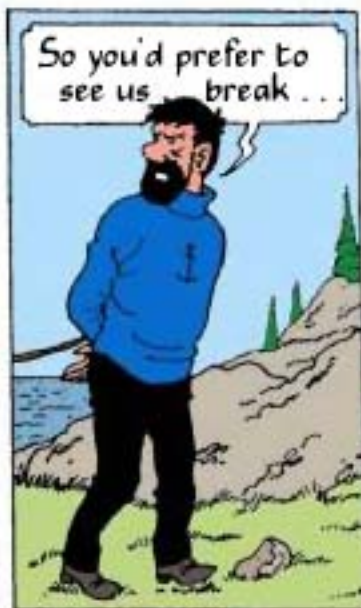
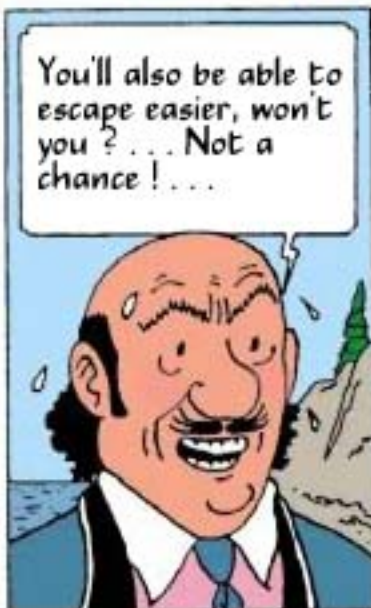
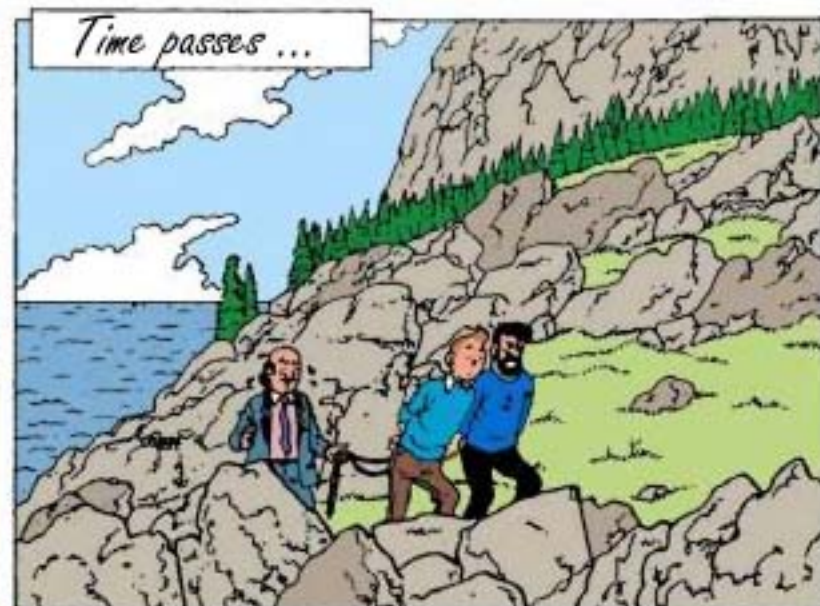
Allan? That idiot
refused to help!
He's in the United
States now, after
some peace and
quiet...

But I'm not a fool, all these
questions are just a ruse to
gain some time, aren't they?
Well, game over, my friend!

We've wasted enough time! Finish them!
With pleasure, boss!...

(1) See The Red Sea Sharks
(2) See Flight 714





I'd like to see you try that! ... Climb down there? With our hands tied?!



That's true ... any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff ... and we can't turn back.



We'll follow the edge of the cliff round ... We should find a path that we can climb down ...



Right, let's move.



You're caught, Rastapopoulos!

Ssh! Captain!



GIVE UP, RASTAPOPOULOS! YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!



BANG BANG



Come on, Rastapopoulos! Don't make the situation worse! Face it - you've been caught.

Me? Caught? Alive?



Never! Hey, you down there! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them! And I'm serious!



OK! GO AHEAD! WE WON'T FOLLOW!



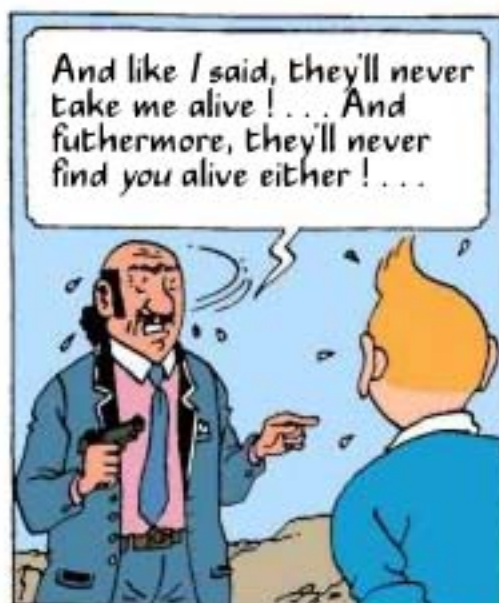
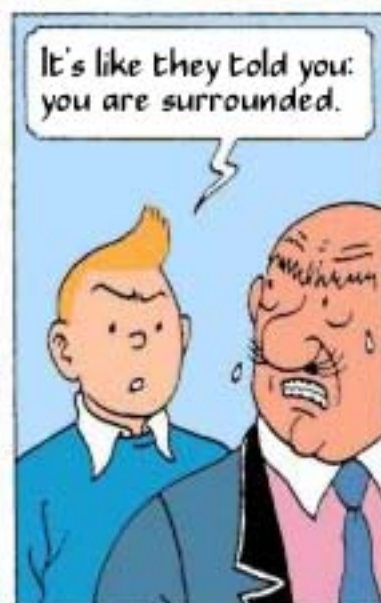
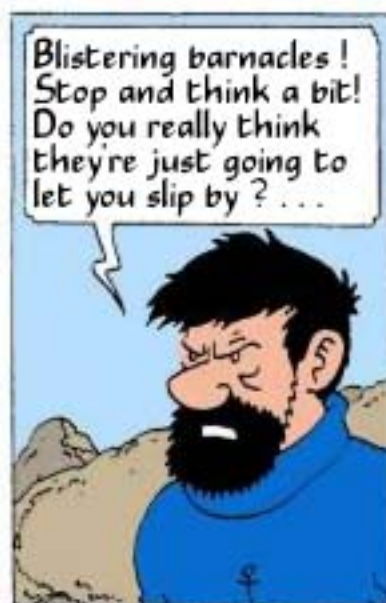
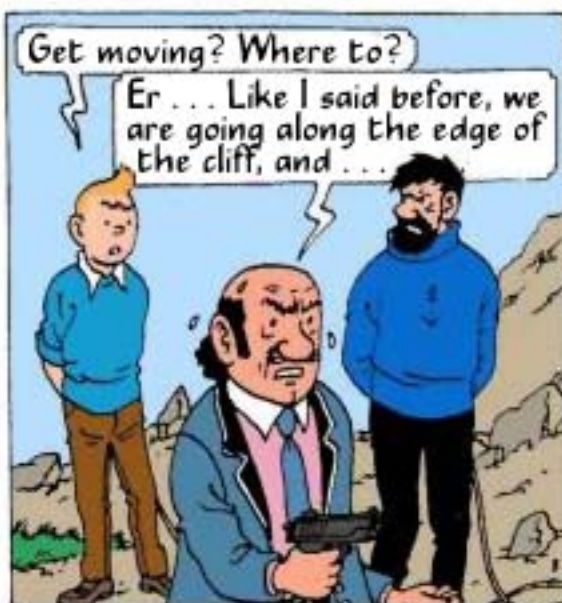
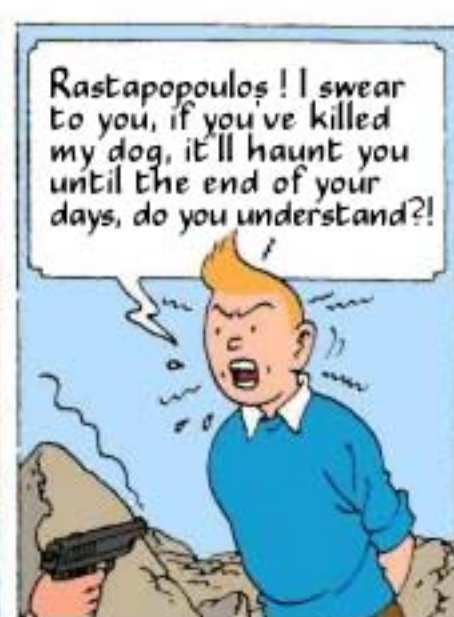
Good, now let's go! And no trying to escape, now, you understand?

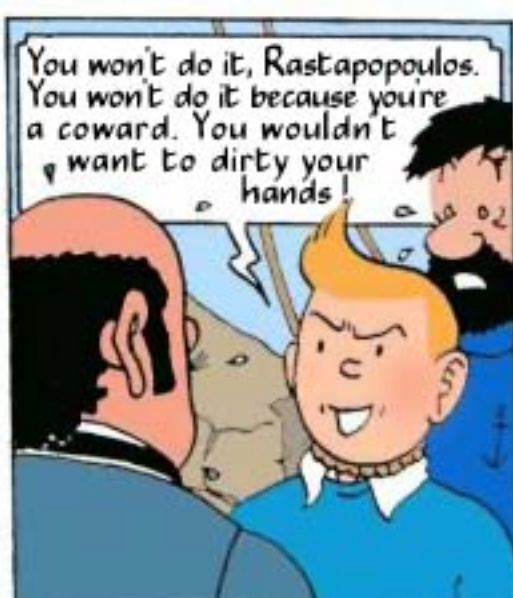


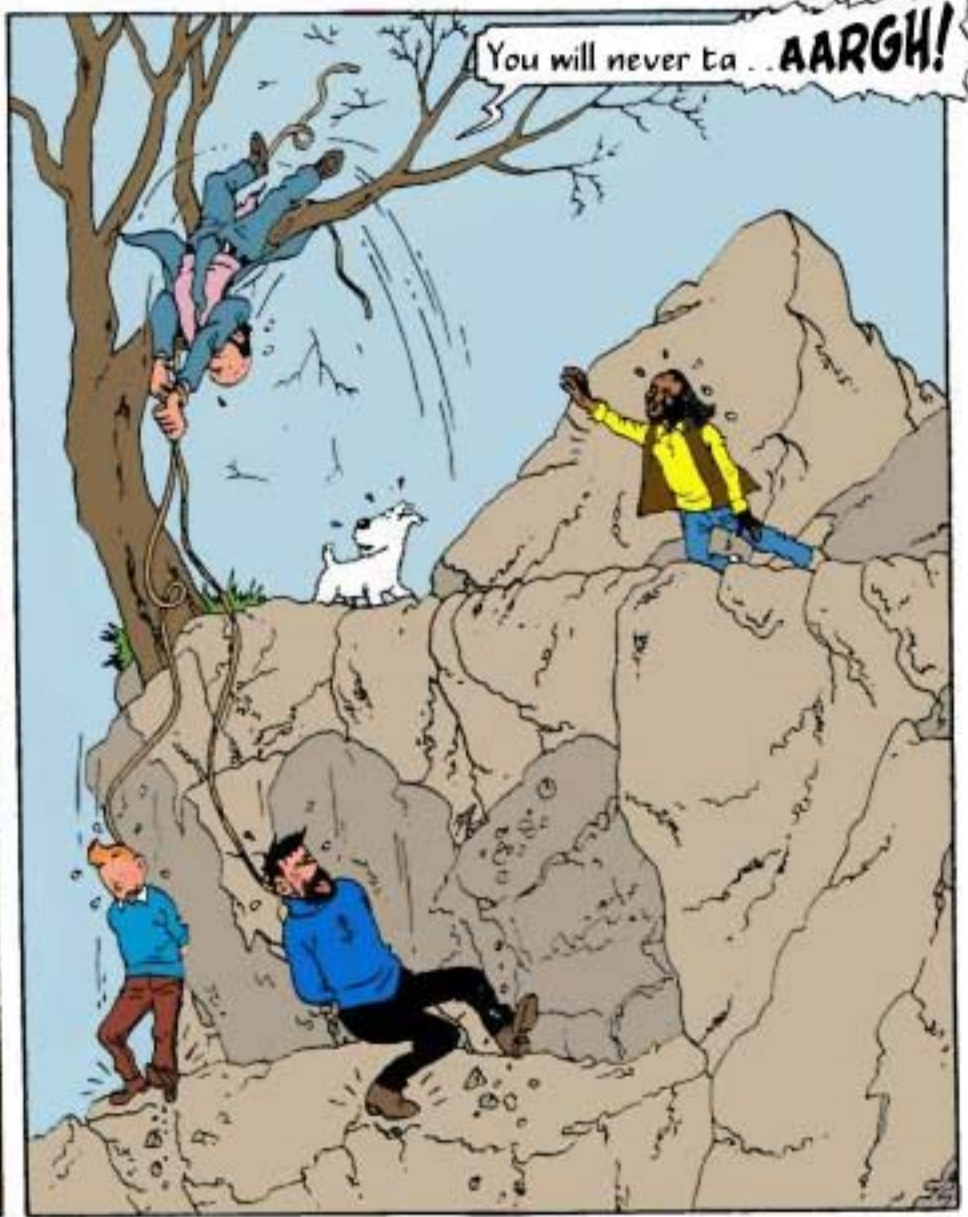
ARGH!

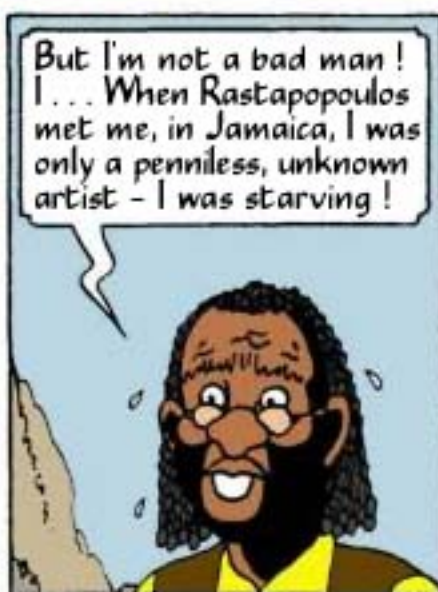
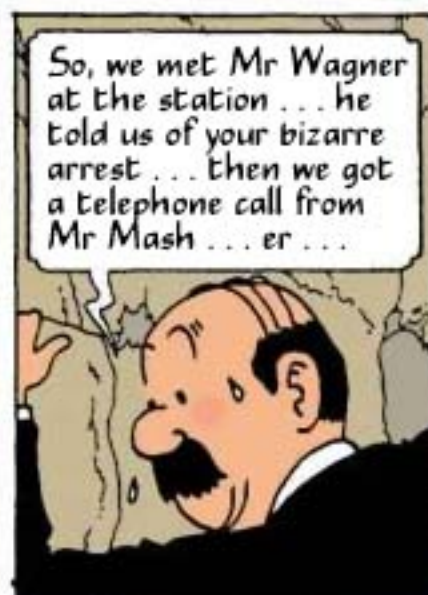
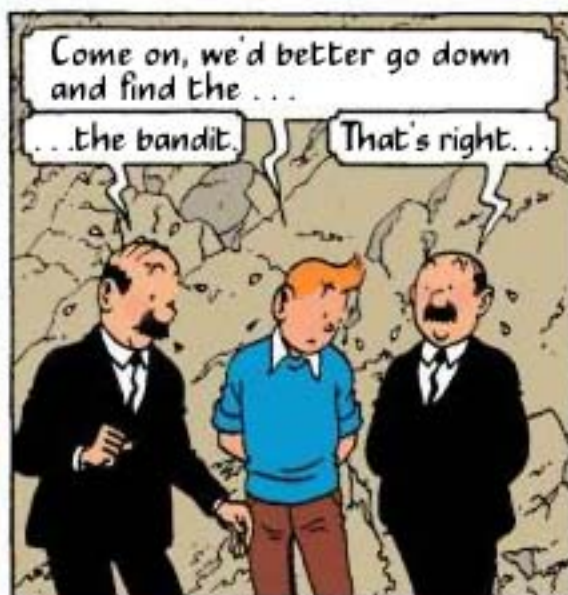
SNOWY!











TORE in AP

Alph-Art business

Shanghai, wh
staying,
with
End

Ben Raish Elzab abandons plans to

art museums in Khemed

When asked about recent events, the Emir said: "I knew that Tintin and Captain Haddock were innocent. They are old friends of mine, and they helped me get my son back when he had been kidnapped by the dastardly Doctor Miller, and they also looked after my little ducky when I was in hiding in the Djebel mountains. But I now have absolutely no intention of building art galleries in Wadadai."

kass & Alph-Art: the truth behind the cover

NASTAPOPOULOS: TALENTED FRAUD
Roberto Nastapopoulos, who the entire world has known since the "Red Sea Sharks" affair, as it has come to be known, when his private launch sank in the Red Sea, and it was believed he died. However, he had resurfaced under the guise of a false beard and plastic surgery. "The Master," as he was known to members of his sect, used this as a cover for a more sinister business - art forgery on a grand scale.

At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nastapopoulos was during a fight with his footling and fell to his report indicated it is likely he body will be where he was buried in the

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ES
at will of us, that phones le most own. one is iversity is no g off; actly them."

The reporter Tintin foils an international

PICASSO, MONET AND MORE
In the cellar of the villa belonging to Nastapopoulos, the police found a large number of canvases ready for dispatch. There was nothing remarkable about this - Ramo Nash often visited the villa. However, the matter became somewhat more curious when the paintings were signed by Picasso, Monet, Modigliani... and all looked genuine. They were, in fact, painted by Nash, who supplied the forging ring with duplicate masterpieces. They were then passed off as originals by Nastapopoulos, by having them authenticated by a well-known expert, such as the unfortunate Jacques Monastir and Henri Fourcart. These men were murdered by the gang, protect the "business" that was being run.

TINTIN TAKES UP THE
It was at this that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, Mr

The reporter Tintin foils an international

PICASSO, MONET AND MORE
Each was produced to the style of the original piece, and was then signed by Nash - with whose name was required. It believed that the pair were sold to rich American collectors. A list of has been found at the and are planning to list

One of the most infamous terrorists of our time, the criminal mastermind Roberto Nastapopoulos, was killed yesterday on the island of Ischia, Italy.

Posing under the guise of a mystical guru, Nastapopoulos was the head of a national of

Two days later ...

By thunder! More journalists!

Look here, Mr Tintin! Here

Mr Tintin, a few words? ...

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-Drupe ...

Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastapopoulos's villa?

Yes, that's right.

Do you plan to stay there?

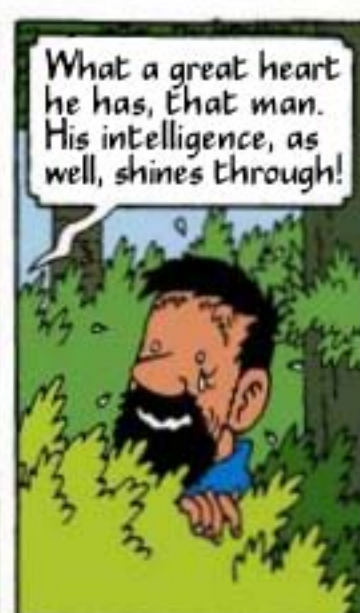
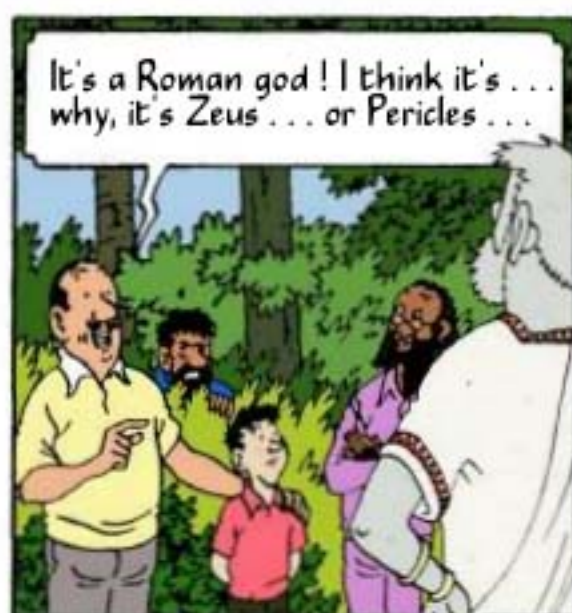
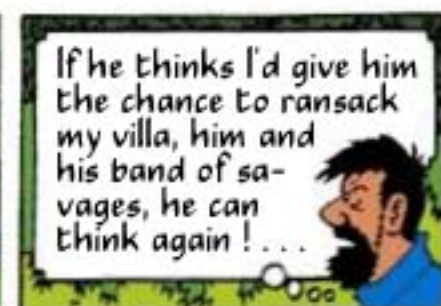
Blistering barnades! Out of the question! We're going back to Marlinspike! I will never set foot in Italy again!

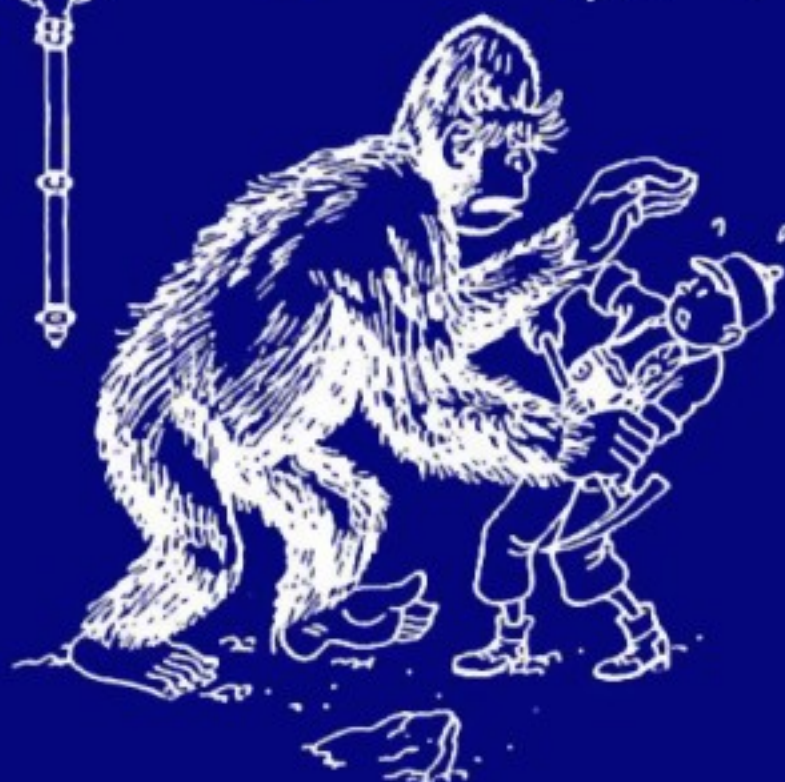
Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting?

Yes, that's true.

Mr Tintin ...











RODGE

